

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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Alice in Wonderland...
starting on page 2



ALICE in WONDERLAND



1. Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting beside her sister and having nothing to do. The hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid and her eyes began to close.

2. Then suddenly a White Rabbit ran past her. "Oh dear, oh dear! I shall be too late!" it was saying. Now Alice should have wondered about this but at the time it seemed natural.



3. Then when the White Rabbit took a watch from its waistcoat pocket and looked at it, Alice jumped to her feet. She was now curious, having never before seen a rabbit with a waistcoat pocket, or a watch to take out of it. So she hurried after it.



4. She was just in time to see it pop down a rabbit hole and Alice went down after it, never once considering how in the world she was going to get out again. The hole went straight on like a tunnel and then slipped suddenly.



5. Poor Alice had not a moment to think how to stop herself and she went falling down and down and down a deep well, past shelves that were filled with all sorts of puzzling things.



6. "I wonder how many miles I have fallen!" she wondered. "Shall I fall right through the Earth to the other side?" Suddenly—thump! Down she came upon a heap of leaves.



7. Alice was not hurt and jumped to her feet in a moment. In front of her was another passage and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it as fast as it could go.

8. "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it is getting," the White Rabbit was saying. It turned a corner, and when Alice followed round it, the rabbit was no longer in sight.



9. She found herself in a long, low hall. There were a number of doors around the hall, but they were all locked. Alice went up one side and down the other, trying every door and wondering how she was ever to get out again.



10. Then she came upon a table with a glass top. There was nothing on it except a golden key and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall. "At least I can try it in the locks," she said to herself.



11. She tried one door after another but, alas, it would not open any of them until she came upon a tiny door only about fifteen inches high. To her delight it fitted.



12. Alice knelt down and looked through the tiny door at the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get into it—but the door was too small to get through.

What will happen to Alice? More of this delightful tale for you in *Once Upon A Time* next week.



The insects shown on these Ailants pages can hide themselves in their surroundings when danger threatens. The one shown in the picture above is a Leaf Insect and comes from Asia. It is green like the plant on which it lives.

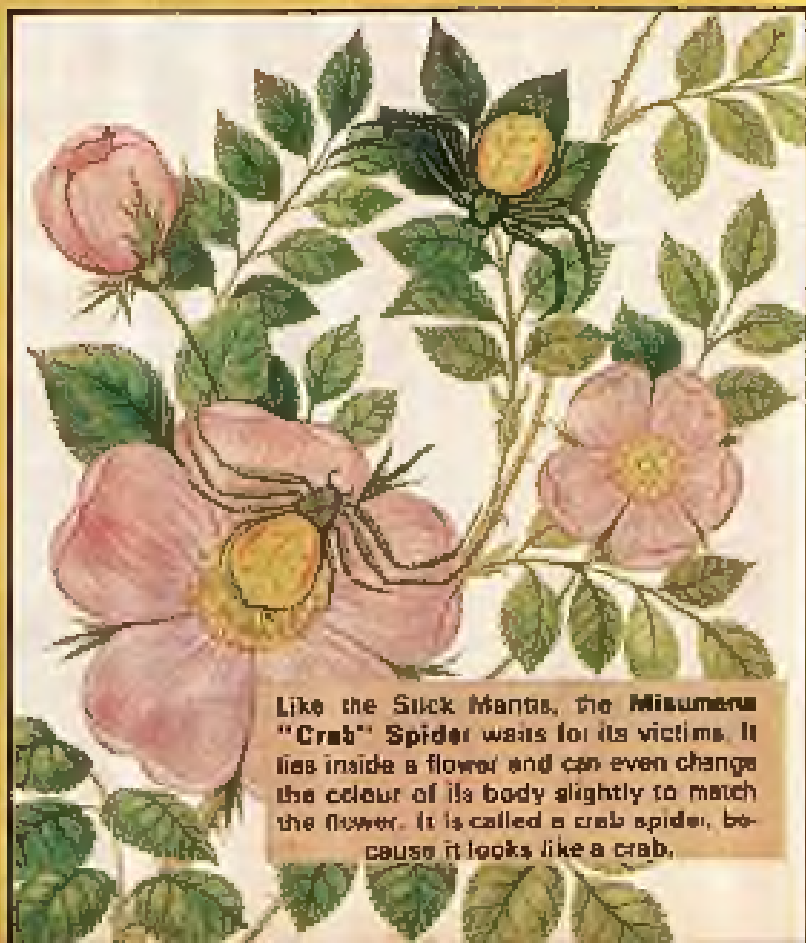


The African Stick Mantid, looks very much like a twig. This is useful to the insect in two ways: the insect is unseen by creatures that hunt it; and it can stand so still that its victims do not know it is there until too late.

All Sorts of Ways of



Coming from Africa, the Pod Cricket is shaped like the pod of the plant on which it lives. The larva of the Caddis Fly lives under the water, and builds a shelter of pebbles and shells as a protection from enemies.



Like the Stick Mantid, the Misumena "Crab" Spider waits for its victims. It lies inside a flower and can even change the colour of its body slightly to match the flower. It is called a crab spider, because it looks like a crab.

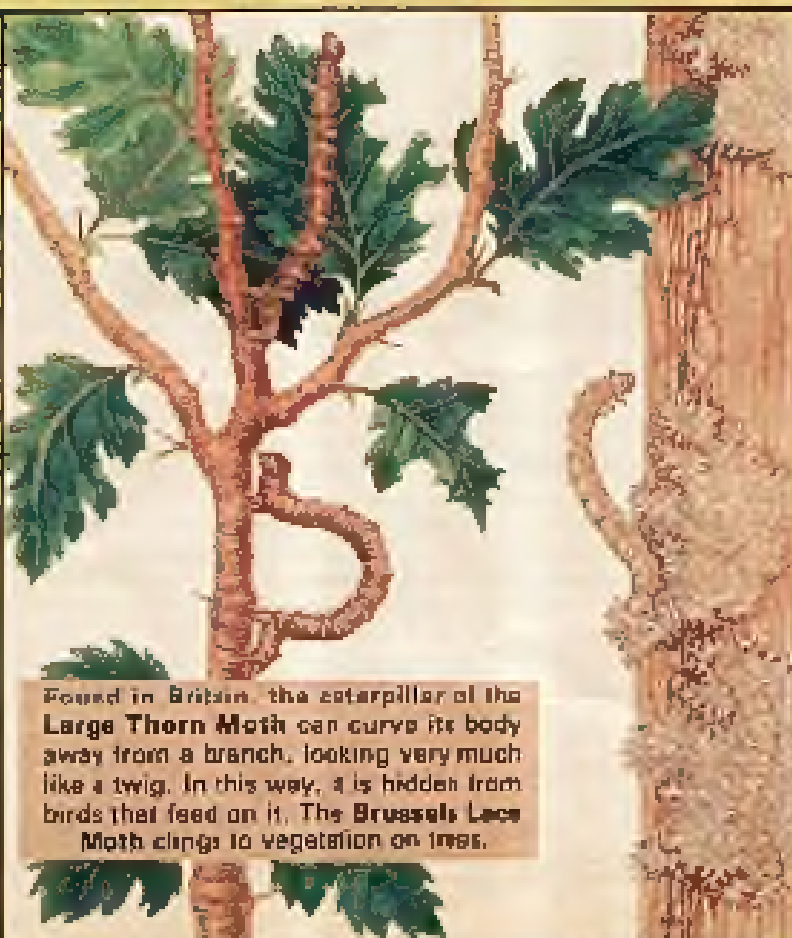


In spite of its brightly-coloured wings, the **Leal Butterfly** is very difficult to see, because when it is resting on a branch, the wings close (see picture), and the underside of the wings make it look like a dead leaf on the plant.



The **Oak Beauty Moth**, is one of the hardest insects to spot. When it settles on the bark of an Oak tree, its wings match the bark of the tree. **Thorn Insects** are so named because when they alight on thorny branches, they look like thorns.

Playing Hide-and-Seek



Found in Britain, the caterpillar of the **Large Thorn Moth** can curve its body away from a branch, looking very much like a twig. In this way, it is hidden from birds that feed on it. The **Brussels Lace Moth** clings to vegetation on trees.



The **Flower Mantis** is a really beautiful creature that manages to change its body colour to that of the flower on which it is resting. Like the **African Stick Mantis**, it keeps still until a butterfly comes along and then it will catch it.



This week . . . Brer Fox gets too smart

BRER RABBIT

BREER RABBIT was looking very fat and well-fed and this was because he had got the whole bag of wild ducks, which Brer Fox had caught, simply by lying down in the road and pretending to be dead. Brer Rabbit and his family had feasted well for days, but Brer Fox was furious when he realised how he had been tricked by that rabbit.

Of course, Brer Rabbit thought he was cleverer than ever and he went around looking so cocky and giving himself so many airs and graces, that Brer Fox could hardly bear it.

Then Brer Fox started thinking. "If that rabbit can get away with a trick like that, what's to stop me trying it as well?" he said to himself and he decided that

he would try the same trick on somebody else.

Then, one day, who should Brer Fox see coming along the road but Mr. Man, driving a wagon and carrying his chickens and eggs and butter to the market to sell.

"Why, it's just what I want, a fine chicken dinner," said Brer Fox. "I'm in luck today. Now to see if I can trick Mr. Man. If I can, I shall have enough butter and eggs and chickens to last me a long time."

Brer Fox ran a bit farther down the road and then he lay down and pretended to be dead. Before long, he heard the wagon coming along the road.

When the horse got to where Brer Fox lay, it shied. Mr. Man shouted, "Whoa,

there," and the horse stopped. Mr. Man peered down to see what was in the road and there was Brer Fox, looking as dead as dead could be.

"Well, well," said Mr. Man. "There's the creature that's been stealing my chickens, I'll be bound. It looks to me as if somebody's taken a gun and shot him dead, and a good thing too."

Then Mr. Man settled himself back in his wagon and off they went down the road again.

Brer Fox felt quite pleased with himself. The trick seemed to be working very nicely. "That rabbit isn't the only one who can play tricks," he said. Then he picked himself up, ran through the woods and lay down again on the road.

a little way ahead of Mr. Man, and pretended to be dead.

Soon, Mr. Man came driving along and he saw Brer Fox lying stretched out there in the road. "Hello," he said. "What's this? Why I do declare it's the very creature who's been killing my pigs and he's lying here dead. Somebody must have killed him. I only wish they'd done it a long time ago."

Then, with a satisfied smile, Mr. Man called, "Gee up, there," to his horse and drove on.

As soon as the wagon had disappeared, Brer Fox got to his feet and he ran and ran through the woods until he was well ahead of Mr. Man again. Then he stretched himself out in the middle of the road and looked as dead as a door-nail.

Soon, he heard the rumbling of Mr. Man's wagon and the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs and sure enough, there was Mr. Man, coming towards him.

Mr. Man drove right up to Brer Fox and then he stopped and blinked his eyes. He could hardly believe it. There, in front of him on the road, lay another dead fox. Mr. Man scratched his head. Then he decided to get down and have a look to see if he could find the reason for all these dead foxes he kept finding.

He looked all around, but he couldn't see anything at all. There was no hunter

with a gun—in fact there was nobody around at all.

Then Mr. Man walked all the way round Brer Fox, but he could see nothing wrong with him at all. Then he bent down and felt Brer Fox's ear, it felt quite warm. Mr. Man felt Brer Fox's neck. That felt warm too. He poked Brer Fox in the ribs and his ribs felt quite sound to Mr. Man. Then he felt all Brer Fox's limbs. They seemed quite sound too.

Mr. Man stood and gazed at Brer Fox for a while. Then he turned Brer Fox over and to his surprise, Brer Fox felt quite soft and limp.

Mr. Man scratched his head. "There's something funny about this chicken-stealer here," he said to himself. "He looks as if he's dead, but he's warm and soft. There's certainly something wrong here. Now he might be dead, but on the other hand, he might not, I can't tell, but to make sure he is dead, I think I'll just give him a whack with the handle of this whip I've got."

Then Mr. Man took his whip and gave

him such a clip behind the ear, that it fairly made Brer Fox's head sing.

For a moment, poor Brer Fox didn't know what had hit him, but he opened his eyes and saw Mr. Man's hand raised, just ready to give him another blow with his whip and that was enough for Brer Fox. With a mighty bellow, Brer Fox scrambled to his feet and off he went, bounding away up the road as fast as he could, until Mr. Man couldn't see him for dust.

After that, Brer Fox was a bit smarter and a bit wiser, because he didn't try copying other people's tricks again.

Another chuckle story of Brer Rabbit and his friends next week.



Well, Fancy That!



"Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home — your house is on fire and your children will burn." This well-known rhyme was made up some years ago when a plague of greenflies ruined crops of hops. It was so serious that the hop farmers decided that in order to get rid of them, they would have to burn their crops. But they did not want to do this because they knew that their friends, the ladybirds, were eating up the greenflies. Research is now going on to see if ladybirds can replace the pest sprays sometimes poisonous to the farm animals.



In a Cambodian forest, overgrown with great roots and trees, are the ruins of a temple built one thousand years ago. The great stones used to build it were a mystery. How did they get there? The answer was that they were there all the time. Hard tropical rains washed the soil and vegetable fibres away, leaving some minerals which hardened into stone.



Trees do not grow sausages, but there is such a thing as a Sausage Tree. It has long seed pods, that grow to a length of twenty inches, and these hang down like sausages. Unfortunately, you cannot eat them. The tree can be found in Africa, and the African natives use the seed pods to make medicine, and they are also used for making a black dye. Just think how exciting it would be if we really could pick real sausages off a tree. We could go sausage picking, as well as blackberry picking and strawberry picking. And on a picnic, sausages could be freshly picked and fried.



This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, try to answer the questions about it on page 16.

Lewis Carroll

ALICE IN WONDERLAND must be one of the most popular fairy stories ever written, and the characters that appear in the book are known and loved by many children.

The book was written by Lewis Carroll, whose real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and he was born in 1832. It is strange that a man who could delight so many children with his wonderful tales, was also a brilliant mathematician—a subject which most youngsters hate.

Queen Victoria was very fond of the book, and it is said that she asked the author to send a copy of his next book,

which turned out to be a book on Mathematics. How disappointed she must have been.

Lewis Carroll was a young man when he wrote *Alice in Wonderland*, and it may interest you to know that there really was a little girl called Alice. She was the daughter of his friend, H. G. Liddell, dean of Christ Church, Oxford. And it was to her and her two sisters that Lewis Carroll would tell stories, one of them being *Alice in Wonderland*.

From the real Alice, we learn that most of Lewis Carroll's stories were told on river expeditions near Oxford, and the

day on which *Alice in Wonderland* was told, was very hot and they all had to take shelter from the sun in a newly-made haystack.

The author copied out the story and gave it to Alice as a Christmas present. It became her most treasured possession, and when she was finally persuaded to sell the story, it was bought in the United States in 1928, for the sum of £15,400.

Starting this week, in *Once Upon A Time*, is the story of *Alice in Wonderland*. By reading it, you will meet strange characters, such as the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, and of course—Alice.

The Miller and the Water-Sprite

ONCE UPON A TIME, a miller lived in his mill beside a stream. He was a happy and contented sort of fellow, until one day a water-sprite came to live in the stream near the mill. The water-sprite was an ugly creature with a big round face and staring eyes. Every time he popped out his head, all the people were very frightened.

"Don't be so alarmed," the miller told them, trying to appear very brave about it. "Water-sprites are really quite harm-

less, for they never come out of the water they live in."

For a while this was true, but one day the miller came home to find the water-sprite in his kitchen, sitting by the fire and looking curiously at some meat roasting over the flames.

The water-sprite then squelched his way back to the stream, looking thoughtful. And the next day he came back to the kitchen, bringing with him five fish on a stick. Without a word he sat down and roasted them over the fire. Then he sat in a corner and ate them all up, heads, tails and everything. When he had done this he sat and watched the miller and his wife saving their breakfast, which quite put them off their food.

"I thought you said that a water-sprite always stayed in the water," the miller's wife grumbled.

"They do as a rule, but this one is different," sighed the miller. "I can only hope that he does not make a habit of coming to visit us." But that is just what



the water-sprite did. He started coming into the mill whenever it pleased him, sitting by the fire in the kitchen or suddenly appearing on a dark corner of the stairs at night.

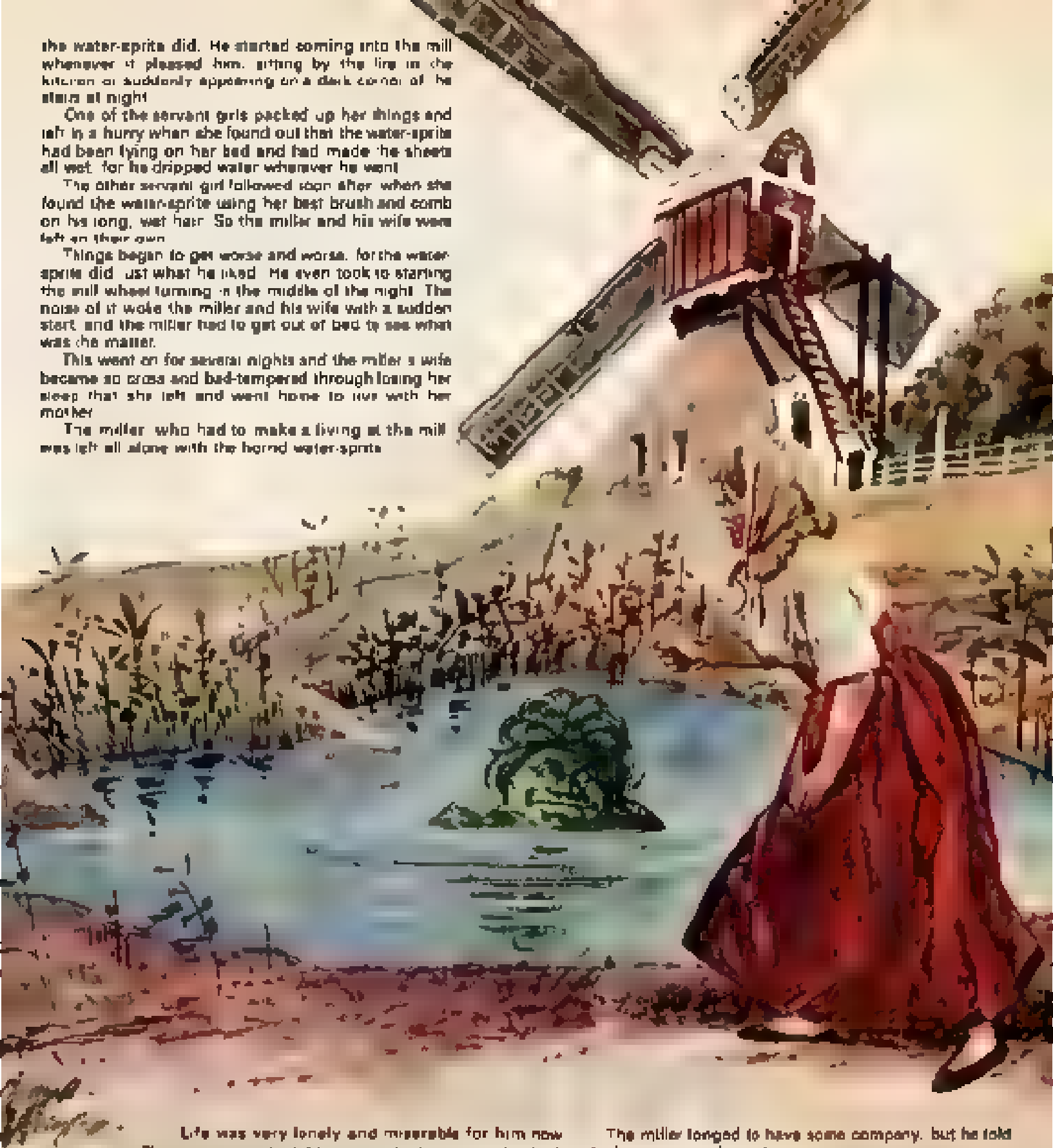
One of the servant girls packed up her things and left in a hurry when she found out that the water-sprite had been lying on her bed and had made the sheets all wet, for he dripped water whenever he went.

The other servant girl followed soon after when she found the water-sprite using her best brush and comb on his long, wet hair. So the miller and his wife were left on their own.

Things began to get worse and worse, for the water-sprite did just what he liked. He even took to starting the mill wheel turning in the middle of the night. The noise of it woke the miller and his wife with a sudden start, and the miller had to get out of bed to see what was the matter.

This went on for several nights and the miller's wife became so cross and bad-tempered through losing her sleep that she left and went home to live with her mother.

The miller, who had to make a living at the mill, was left all alone with the horrid water-sprite.



Life was very lonely and miserable for him now. The water-sprite had driven everybody away and nobody from the village would come anywhere near the mill to help the poor miller with his work.

One day he heard a noise outside and he looked up in surprise to see a bear-trainer, with a big bear on the end of a chain, at his door.

"I'm on my way to the fair in the next town," good miller said the bear-trainer. "But it is late and I would like a bed for myself and my bear for tonight."

Next week you will learn what happens when the bear and the water-sprite meet.

The miller longed to have some company, but he told the bear-trainer about the water-sprite.

"No one wants to stay here with that sort of nasty creature around," he said.

But the bear-trainer just laughed. "Water-sprite? he said. "Who's afraid of one of those things? Why my faithful old bear will deal with him in no time."

The miller cheered up at this. "Then come inside," he said. "Tomorrow your bear will have the chance of dealing with that water-sprite. So step right in."

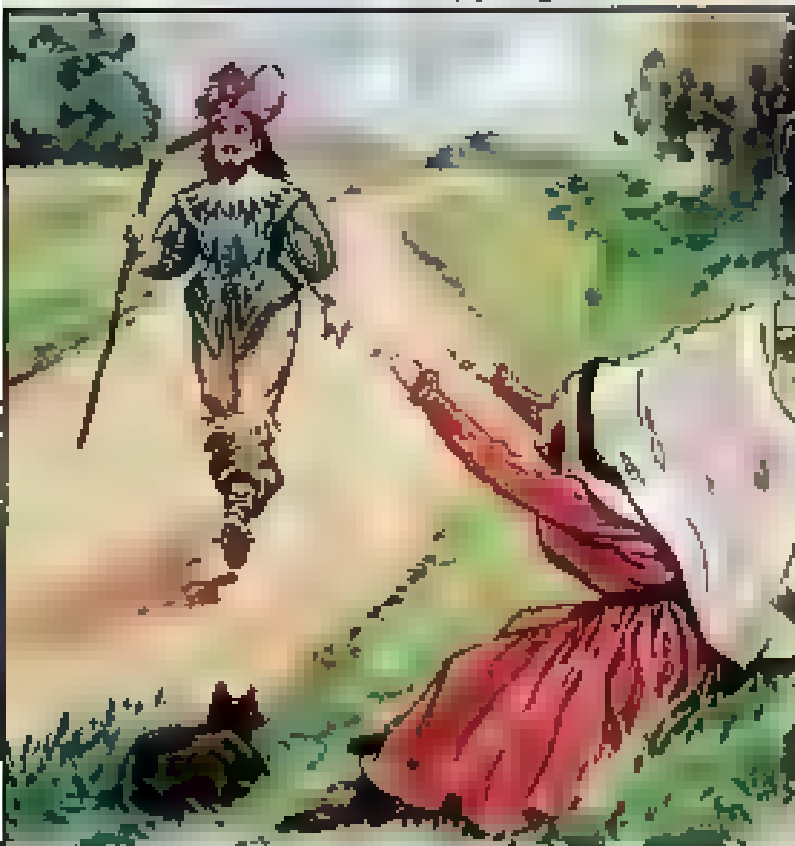
Wilma the wrong-spell Witch



1 Wilma had been a witch all her life, but she had never yet cast a spell that had gone right. The truth of the matter was that she hadn't studied really hard how to make magic spells. Well, she is just a very young witch.



2 Her spells always went wrong. She tried one which should have brought fair weather but it produced instead a flock of pigeons, all with the wrong colour feathers. Oh dear, cried Wilma. I'll never make a good witch.



3 One day she saw a man trudging along a road and hoping to do a good deed, she cast a spell to give him a donkey to ride on.



4 Unfortunately the man turned into a donkey. Oh, cried Wilma, what have I done? You know jolly well what you've done, snapped the donkey. Change me back.



6 So she muttered a spell to change him back into a man. There was a flash of lightning, and there before her stood surely the oldest man in the world. How dare you? he quavered. I was only sixty. Now I feel a hundred and sixty.



7 I was going to magic some toys back for children who have lost theirs. But you can make the spell with the aid of this spell book, he said. So Wilma read the magic words.



8 After a couple of spells, Wilma got the man back to his right age. What sort of a witch are you? he asked. An unsuccessful one, said Wilma, sadly. The man then told her that he was really a wizard and would help her if he could.



9 Her spell changed the roadstools in the garden into toys, and the children were delighted. Wilma felt very happy too, and from then on, her spells were always right.



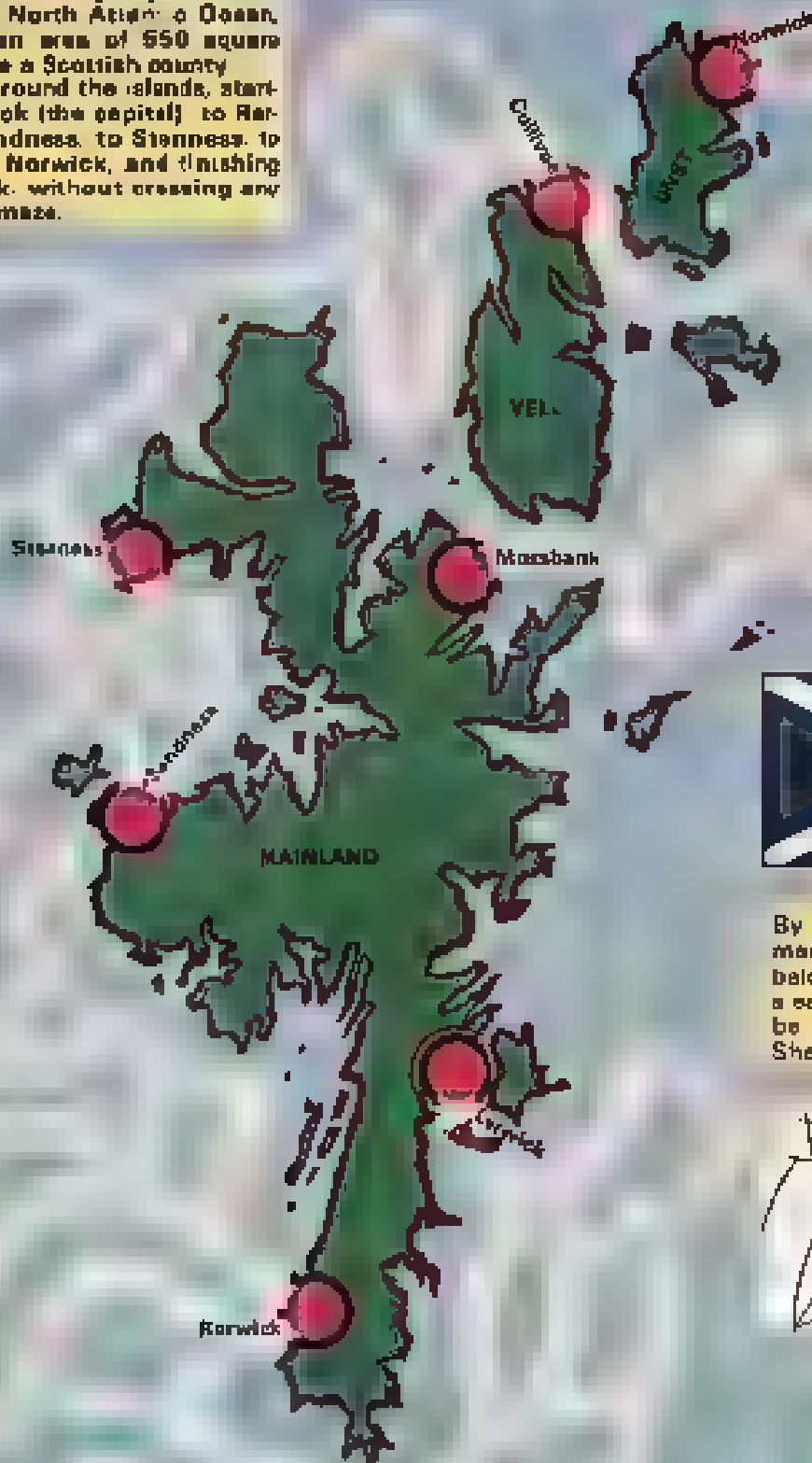
Beautiful Paintings

Sheep give us wool, and although it's difficult to say just how many countries breed sheep, we know for a fact that Australia has enormous sheep farms (called Stations) and that thousands of tons of wool are exported from that

country each year. In this week's Beautiful Painting called *Queerude* by A. F. Tail, we see three sheep resting in lush pasture land, enjoying the sunshine. (From the Robert L. Sturt Art Collection at the New York Historical Society)

The Shetland Islands

The Shetlands are a group of islands, lying in the North Atlantic Ocean, that cover an area of 550 square miles and are a Scottish county. Take a trip around the islands, starting at Lerwick (the capital) to Berwick, to Sandness, to Stenness, to Cullivoe, to Norwick, and finishing at Mossbank, without crossing any lines of the maze.



CROSS OF ST. ANDREW

By carefully shading the areas marked with a dot in the puzzle below you will be able to draw a seagull, of the kind that would be found flying around the Shetland Islands.



The islands' position as to Britain is shown in this map.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Stephanie buys a few new things.

ONE DAY Stephanie's boy-friend, Nigel, called for her at his smart town house. 'Let's go for a walk,' he said. 'It's such a nice day.'

'A walk?' squeaked Stephanie, horrified. 'Whatever for? Haven't any new clothes, want to show off and I can think of any other reason for going for a walk?' a fact, she added, 'haven't bought any new clothes for...don't know how long.'

'Well, old thing,' said Nigel, 'let's just walk as far as the sweet shop. I will buy you a big box of chocolates and get the shop mouse to wrap it up in bright, shiny paper and then you can walk back carrying it and everyone will be able to see that I've bought you a nice big present.'

Stephanie thought about this and it didn't seem to be such a bad idea. 'All right,' she said to Nigel. 'We'll go as far as the sweet shop.'

Stephanie put on her best things, as she always did when she went out, but as she closed the door and went down the

steps with Nigel, she was just in time to see a big parcel being delivered to her neighbour, Mrs. Topdrawer. The parcel had the name of a very big dress-shop on it.

This made Stephanie crosser than ever, for Mrs. Topdrawer saw her looking at the dress-box and put on her superior look.

That horrid Mrs. Topdrawer turned Stephanie. 'Did you see how she gloated just because she had bought some new clothes and she knows, haven't I any?'

Nigel sighed. He knew that Stephanie could be rather tiresome if she thought someone else looked nicer than she did.

Just at that moment, they passed a hat shop. Stephanie gave a squeal of delight, for in the window was a lovely hat.

'Oh, really must have that,' said Stephanie and in she went. She tried the hat on and was very pleased with what she saw.

'You look very nice, Steve,' said Nigel, and 'I think ought to buy you a new dress to go with the hat.'



This made Stephanie more pleased than ever. "Have the hat wrapped up and sent to my home," she said grandly, giving the shop mouse her address.

It did not take long to reach the dress shop, but it took Stephanie a very long time to decide which dress to wear. At last she chose the most expensive dress in the shop.

Stephanie gave the assistant her address and told her to have the dress sent round by messenger.

Then, of course, she had to buy shoes and gloves and a handbag to go with her dress and hat, and when they had finished, Nigel thought it had been one of the most expensive walks he had ever had.

"Oh, that's the kind of walk I really enjoy, Nigel," said Stephanie, as they went out of the shop.

On the way home, they passed the sweet shop and Nigel went in and bought Stephanie a big box of chocolates. He had it wrapped up beautifully in gold wrapping paper and tied with a big bow of ribbon and Stephanie carried it so that everyone would see it.

As they reached Stephanie's house, a car drew up and a smart page-boy in a blue and white suit got out. He was carrying a large hat-box, done up with ribbon. Stephanie opened the door and put it inside. She could see Mrs. Topdrawer peering from behind her curtain, to see what was going on.

As the car from the hat-shop drove away, a car arrived

with a mouse from the dress-shop. She had brought Stephanie's new dress, in a huge box, so big she could hardly see over the top of it.

As she drove away, another car arrived. This one brought Stephanie's new handbag, shoes and gloves. Stephanie saw Mrs. Topdrawer watching quite enviously from behind her curtain and she was so pleased that she gave the page-boy and the dress-shop mouse and the shoe-shop lad a very big tip and they all went away very pleased, thinking how kind and generous Miss Stephanie Mouse was.

More adventures of your merry mice friends next week.

Here are some questions about the story "Lewis Carroll" on page 9. To test your memory, see how many you can answer before checking them.

1. What was Lewis Carroll's real name?
2. Who was the real Alice?
3. For how much was the story sold in the United States?
4. What was the author's real job?

The Magic Rainmaker



1. Many years ago in a small Mexican village, there lived an old magician. The villagers laughed at his strange clothes and his long beard, and they drove him out of the village and he had to live all alone in a little hut in the hills.



2. One summer, no rain fell and, as the months passed, the crops died and the villagers could sell nothing. They became desperate and appealed to the old man to magic some rain, promising to welcome him back if he was successful.



3. The old magician put on his rainmaker costume and did a special dance. Very soon the rain fell gently and the crops revived. But the people laughed at the old man, saying, "It wasn't your stupid magic that did it. It's time we had rain anyway." And they ran back to the village, without him.



4. Well, up to this time, the magician had been patient with the stupid villagers, but their ungratefulness made him angry. He was determined to teach them a lesson. Climbing to the top of the hill, he raised his hands and did a rain-dance which caused a torrential downpour.



5. Down fell the rain, flooding the fields and the houses, and the angry villagers appealed to the magician. "Tell the rain to stop," they cried. But the magician smiled slyly and said, "What can I do? You don't believe in my magic."



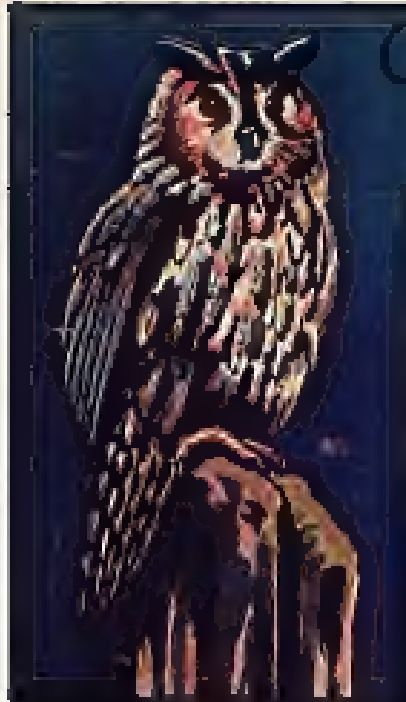
7. So the old rainmaker put on his costume and climbed up to the top of the hill. There he began his dance, waving his hands and chanting special words all the while. And as he did this, the villagers waited at the bottom of the hill.



6. The villagers realised that the magician did have special powers over the rain and hung their heads in shame. "Please forgive us," they said. "How stupid we have been. If you make the rain stop, we shall never be unkind again."



8. The rain stopped and, one by one, the people of the village came to the old magician and shook his hand. To show how sorry they were, they built him a new house in the centre of the village and welcomed him back to live with them again.



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

Here is the Wise Old Owl again to answer all your puzzling questions.



1. Which bird has the biggest family?

"Strangely enough it is one of the smallest of all birds which has the biggest family and its name is Titmouse. There are seven kinds of Titmouse birds, the best-known one being the Blue Tit, which lays up to 15 eggs. The Great Tit, shown in the picture, lays up to 12 eggs and both parents work hard to feed their large family."



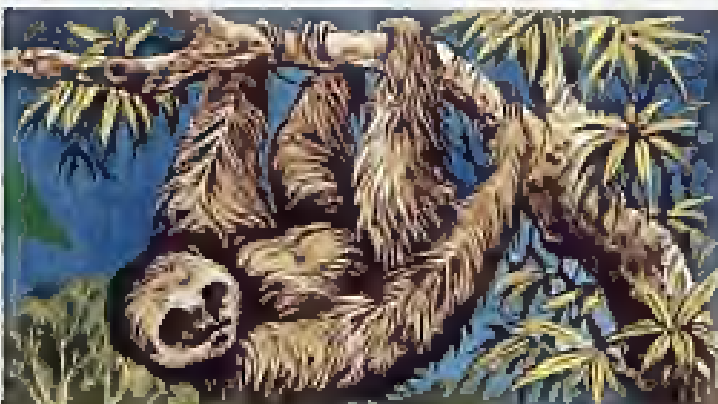
2. What is the Foreign Legion?

"The French Foreign Legion is a force of soldiers, made up from men of different nations, though most of the officers are French. They operate in the desert parts of North Africa and are now part of the French army. They have always been splendid fighters, very proud of their regiments."



3. What is a howdah?

"The name comes from a Hindi word for a canopied seat on the back of an elephant. Some are very much decorated and are used for processions, when the elephants are also decorated with gold and silver trappings. Hunters use a plain wooden howdah when riding elephants to shoot tigers."



4. Does a sloth ever come down to the ground?

"These slow-moving animals move sleepily from tree branch to tree branch in search of food. Their claws are shaped only for hanging, so a sloth seldom descends to the ground."



5. What is an abacus?

"An old form of abacus was the Chinese swanpan, which had beads which could be moved to different positions on wires, to find the answers to adding and subtracting sums."